

The history

Hell. Commend me to your neece.

Pand. I will sweet Queene.

Sound a retreat

Par. Theit come from the field: let vs to Priames Hall
To greete the warriors. Sweet *Hellen* I must woe you,
To helpe vn-arme our *Hector*: his stubborne bucles
With this your white enchaunting fingers touch;
Shall more obey then to the edge of Steele,
Or force of Greekish sinewes: you shall do more.
Then all the Hand-Kinges, disarm great *Hector*.

Hell. Twil make vs proud to be his seruant *Paris*?
Yea what he shall receiue of vs in duty,
Giues vs more palme in beauty then we haue.
Yea ouershines our selfe.

Par. Sweet aboue thought I loue her?

Exeunt.

Enter. Pandarus Troylus, man.

Pand. How now wher's thy maister, at my Cousin *Cressida*?

Man. No sir staves for you to conduct him thither.

Pand. O heere he comes: how now, how now?

Troy. Sirra walke off.

Pand. Haue you seene my Cousin?

Troy. No *Pandarus*, I stalke about her dore
Like to a strange soule vpon the Stigian bankes
Staying for waftage. O be thou my Charon,
And giue me swift transportance to these fieldes,
VVhere I may wallow in the lilly beds
Propos'd for the deseruer. O gentle *Pandar*,
From *Cupids* shoulder plucke his paineed wings,
And flye with me to *Cressid*.

Pand. VValk heere ith' Orchard, Ile bring her straight.

Troy. I am giddy; expectation whirles me round,
Th'imaginary relish is so sweete,
That it inchaunts my sence: what will it be
When that the watry pallats taste indeed
Loues thrice repured Nectar? Death I feare me
Sounding distruction, or some ioy to fyne,
To subtil, potent, tun'd to sharp in sweetnesse
For the capacity of my ruder powers;
I feare it much, and I doe feare besides.

That

of Troylus and Cresseida.

That I shall loose distinction in my ioyes
As doth a battaile, when they charge on heapes
The enemy flying.

Pand. Shees making her ready, sheele come straight, you
must be witty now, she does so blush, and fetches her wind so
short as if shee were fraid with a spirite: Ile fetch her; it is the
prettiest villaine, she fetches her breath as short as a new tane
sparrow.

Troy. Euen such a passion doth inbrace my bosome,
My heart beats thicker then a feauorous pulse,
And all my powers do their bestowing loose
Like vassalage at vnwares encountering
the eye of maiesty.

Enter Pandar and Cressid.

Pand. Come, come, what need you blush?

Shames a babie; heere shee is now, sweare the othes now to
her that you haue sworne to me: what are you gone againe,
you must be watcht ere you be made tame, must you? come
your waies come your waies, and you draw backward weele
put you ith' filles: why doe you not speake to her. Come
draw this curtaine, and lets see your picture; alas the day?
how loath you are to offend day light; and twere darke youd
close sooner: so so, rub on and kisse the mistresse; how now
a kisse in fee-farme: build there Carpenter, the ayre is sweet.
Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The faul-
con, as the tercel: for all the ducks ith' riuer: go too, go too.

Troy. You haue bereft me of all wordes Lady.

Pand. Words pay no debts; giue her deeds: but sheele be-
reave you ath' deeds too if she call your actiuity in question:
what billing again: heeres in witnesse whereof the parties in-
terchangeably. Come in come in Ile go get a fire?

Cres. Will you walke in my Lord?

Troy. O *Cressed* how often haue I wisht me thus.

Cres. Wisht my Lord? the gods graunt? O my Lord?

Troy. What should they graunt? what makes this pretty ab-
ruption: what to curious dreg espies my sweete lady in the
fountaine of our loue?

Cres. More dregs then water if my teares haue eyes.

Troy. Feares make diuels of Cherubins, they neuer see truly.

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Cres. blinde